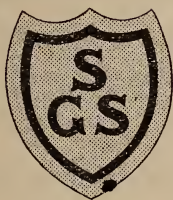

The Saltus Magazine



EASTER TERM 1936

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GOVERNING BODY.

HAL BUTTERFIELD, ESQ. HEReward T. WATLINGTON, ESQ.
ELDON TRIMMINGHAM, ESQ. M.C.P. JOHN W. COX, ESQ. M.C.P.
N. BAYARD DILL, ESQ.

Secretary-Treasurer.....J. J. BUSHELL, ESQ., O.B.E.
Headmaster.....R. E. E. BOOKER, M.A., M.R.S.T.

STAFF.

H. J. HALLETT, M.A.
H. RICHARDSON, F.R.G.S.
J. H. KERRY, M.A.
J. H. A. LINTON, B.A.
G. S. C. TATEM, B.A.
R. T. GORTON, B.A., B.Sc.
L. J. PROFIT
MISS D. LINES (MISS M. STEACEY)

SCHOOL BURSAR.....J. H. KERRY, ESQ.

SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

Prefects.

E. L. Gibbons.....Head of School
L. Vorley
N. H. Williams.....Capt. of Football
J. R. Gibbons
T. M. Adams
D. Lindsay
K. D. Young
S. A. Roberts
W. G. Hayward

House Captains.

E. L. Gibbons.....Butterfield House
L. Vorley.....Watlington House
T. M. Adams.....Darrell House
S. H. Lines.....Saltus House

Tradition.

"The old order changeth yielding place to new lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Tradition, by which we mean the manner of doing things handed down to us or by us, can become a tyrant: on the other hand lack of tradition means disorder and a want of that Gravitas, translatable as Decent Dignity, so essential in a School.

All Schools have traditions of one sort or another, and the best tradition is not inflexible but grows and widens to meet the needs of each succeeding age. Fortunate indeed is that School which is able, through enlightenment or forced by necessity, to revise its traditions from time to time, converting some into picturesque survivals symbolical of the past, discarding others and ever adding to the body of law and opinion which governs its actions on every occasion.

This School is now passing through a period of such revision and addition, and the Standing Orders so familiar to the present generation will become, and in fact are already becoming, part of the tradition which we shall hand down to those who follow after.

In its early stages such a time is one of regimentation and frequent repetition of instructions; but boys, being at once the most conservative and at the same time the most progressive of people, very quickly convert the most essential of these orders into that regular course of suitable action which forms the body of the Tradition of the School. With the development of this process we may look forward to a time when punishment becomes less frequent and when reasonable conduct follows simply because it is the custom of the place.

REEB.

School Notes.

The Science Room Debt Redemption Fund has been reduced from one hundred and fifty to twenty seven pounds due to the energy and generosity of the Parents Association. It is hoped in the next four months to pay this off entirely in order that further efforts may support and more fully equip the Science Room.

On March 26th Mrs. H. St. George Butterfield, Mr. Richard Darrell and Mrs. Charles Burland have very kindly given permission for the gardens of Widdrington, Norwood and the Ridgeway to be opened to the public. The proceeds of this will

go towards the redemption of the debt. With one more dance in the Summer Term there ought to be a credit balance.

A circular letter has gone out to Old Boys stating among other information that the Old Boys' Association hopes to make itself responsible for developing a Library at the School. Books and periodicals are always acceptable.

An Appeal will shortly go out to Old Boys who were here under the headmastership of Mr. Thos. Waddington asking for contributions of any size towards a Portrait Fund. The School is anxious to hang a portrait of the first headmaster of the Saltus Grammar School beside that of Mr. Henry Cox, late Headmaster, and Mr. Samuel Saltus, Founder. The Fund has been opened and cheques may be made out to The Waddington Portrait Fund, care of Mr. Morris Cooper, Bank of Butterfield.

Founder's Day. On June 11th the School in conjunction with the Saltus Old Boys Association will celebrate the birthday of our founder, Mr. Samuel Saltus. Cricket matches and a luncheon are being arranged.

We have to thank Mrs. Warfield for giving us a vaulting-horse to add to the gymnastic equipment of the School.

Old Boys News.

Encouraging news has been received by letter from M. Beavis, W. C. Hallett, G. Gilbert, S. M. Paschal, A. Russell, and T. J. Wadson. We hope for more similar letters from all quarters.

Paschal is in Nevitt's at Rossall and has just completed his School Certificate with credits in French and Latin. He played for his house rugger against Trist's, Baker's and Griffin's. His greatest achievement was in boxing for his school against Stonyhurst. "Paschal boxed with judgement, holding himself in reserve during the opening rounds and nearly knocking out his opponent in the last one. This was an extremely good fight. (Rossall Magazine).

Hallett is in Graham's and is playing for Under Sixteen Rugby.

Welch is in Furness and has been placed in the Removes.

Stan Gascoigne has been named Captain of the 1936 Mount Allison Rugby team, and is highly praised in the newspaper.

At Avon, Conn., de Forest Trimmingham won the Junior Tennis Tournament.

Exam Results of 1935.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE: L. Vorley, D. Lindsay, T. St. G. Tucker.

JUNIOR: T. M. Adams, O. Darrell, S. Lines, H. Masters, I. Outerbridge.

INTO SHERBORNE: G. R. E. Tucker.

BERMUDA SCHOLARSHIP: S. M. Paschal.

INTO ROSSALL: G. Welch, W. C. Hallett.

INTO EASTBOURNE: G. Gilbert.

(These last took place earlier in the year.)

School Calendar.

DEC.	FEB.
6 Lecture by Mr. Vance on Central Europe.	18 Exhibition of Spanish dancing in Hall by Sr. Ruben Garcia.
18 Lecture by Admiral Longden on Examin- ations. Carol singing by choir in Hall.	22-25 Half Term Holiday. 28 Fire Drill. School cleared in two minutes.
JAN.	MAR.
6 Beginning of Easter Term.	12 Bermuda Command Horse Show.
22 Anniversary of found- ing of Saltus School by Samuel Saltus in 1880.	13 Road Races. 16 Bermuda Tennis Tournament. 30 School Exams.

Match Results.

School Matches.

JAN.							
23	Dockyard Apprentices	Lost	1—3
FEB.							
13	Commercial School	Won	6—1
25	Police	Won	3—1
MAR.							
5	Old Boys	Lost	1—5
6	Staff & Trustees	Lost	3—4

Combined Houses.

FEB.

7	But. & Darrell v. St. George's	Draw	1—1
28	Salt. & Wat. v. St. George's	Won	5—1

3rd XI.

FEB.

3	Whitney Institute	Draw	1—1
6	Mt. St. Agnes Academy	Lost	0—4
21	Whitney Institute	Draw	1—1
27	Mt. St. Agnes Academy	Draw	2—2

Colts.

FEB.

4	Warwick Juniors	Draw	2—2
25	Warwick Juniors	Lost	0—3
28	Cavendish School	Lost	1—3

House Matches.

HOUSE						GOALS	POINTS
Darrell	10	12
Butterfield	6	6
Watlington	4	4
Saltus	4	2

—0—

Athletics.

By H. J. H.

The past Football season has been one of the most successful that the school has experienced for some time. The 1st XI is the strongest that we have had for many years, the defence being exceptionally sound although the forwards were sometimes erratic. The Colts have not been quite so effective this year, but they are generally speaking much younger boys than usual, and should do better next season. The 2nd Division also played some excellent matches, while the combined houses have usually been successful. An innovation this season was the 4th Division or 7th XI match. This was won by the school and these little boys deserve credit for their excellent game.

The House Football Competition was won by Saltus the first term of the season, but Darrell House has shown a remarkable improvement this term and have secured the House Shield by winning all their matches.

The old colours at the beginning of the season were N. H. Williams (Capt.), K. Young and E. L. Gibbons. The following have deservedly gained theirs this season: L. Vorley, E. Moniz, P. Roach and S. B. Atwood.

Tennis has been resumed this term and several boys are profiting from the excellent coaching of Mr. Beasley and Mr. Hendricks.

Thanks are gratefully accorded those masters who have helped with the games, the improvement in the standard of play being due to a great extent to their untiring efforts.

The Cadet Corps.

It is clear that the Cadet Corps is serving its purpose. When six boys can be relied upon to take out the centre of the bull, we must admit that a certain consistency in training is present. And if Vallis, Brown, Warfield, Murphy, Adderley and Stephens can get their shooting badges, why can't all the rest of the cadets do the same? Of course straight shooting is not the be all and end all of existence, but as a rule a man who has learnt to keep a steady aim has also developed a certain amount of character.

That is not all. Drill, and the ability to command a squad, to bark out a word of command, and also to turn out on parade smartly dressed every Wednesday—all that is important, and is part of a boy's training. In this connection, Pitt, Lines and Murphy are to be congratulated on their promotions.

When the Adjutant inspected the cadets he remarked on their concentration on the movements which they undertook. He encouraged them to keep their socks pulled up, and generally shewed an interest in them. We are certain that he will arrange an interesting camp for them in the summer, and hope that all parents will allow their boys to go to camp, as they are keen to do so, and, after all, their cadet training is not really complete until they have gone through a week under canvas in company and competition with other boys in Bermuda. It is provided for them entirely free by the Government. It is a healthy outdoor life. It is an experience.

Scouts and Cubs.

Great news! We are definitely becoming Sea Scouts at the beginning of next term. Now this does not mean that we have gone over to yet another youth movement. We do not aspire to become Midshipmen, Flag Lieutenants or even Leading Gunners. We shall still be Boy Scouts just the same with the same Promise and Law, badges and tests, though we shall try to concentrate on badges with a nautical flavour such as Boatman, Coast Watchman, Oarsman, etc. We are merely making more use of a

natural advantage here—a superabundance of Sea and we hope to couple with the already romantic word Scout all the romance and adventure of the Sea. Our uniform will be slightly different true and we shall henceforward appear in Sea Scout Caps (the only added expense in Summer) Saltus Scarves, white shirts with anchor Badge, white shorts and stockings. Our winter uniform will consist of blue Sea Scout Jerseys, blue shorts and blue stockings. None of our old uniform will be wasted—khaki stockings can be used for football—and all the old uniform can be worn out in camp or when we are working on boats etc. The hats are the only white elephants and these we hope to sell at second hand prices to other troops. There will be one condition of entry namely that every prospective Sea Scout shall have attained the standard of proficiency required to qualify for the Swimmer's badge before he is admitted to the Troop. We are negotiating with the owner of a hulk which we hope to purchase—the hulk, not the owner—remove to a convenient mooring and rig out as a guardship or headquarters with fo'c'sle (with hammocks slung so that each patrol can spend a weekend aboard in turn) galley, flag and paint lockers, saloon decorated with charts, etc., and a cabin (to be put at the disposal of any visiting Admirals!) We can see years of work ahead of us and shall want as much wood, paint, rope and tackle etc. as we can possibly raise. Our expenses will now be more than doubled though we shall do all the work ourselves, so we shall want as much support and help from parents and friends as possible. Show us you are interested by coming to the P. T. and Gymnastic Display on April 7th at which we also hope to put on a Scout Show and from which we hope for a percentage of the money raised. If you think you can help by lending tools, time or advice please get in touch with the G. S. M. or Patrol Leaders.

The Cubs have now blossomed out into uniform and look very smart. Most of the pack now have one eye open at least and now that Miss Stacey, whom we hope will be one of our Assistant Cubmasters, is so kindly helping us, we hope to have both eyes open soon to hunt in wider jungles than our own. In case any Cub parents are getting a little uneasy after reading about Sea Scouts, let us put them at their ease at once—there are no such things as Sea Cubs, and the policy of the Pack will not change in the least, save to be more comprehensive with more help.

Gymnastics.

By L. J. P.

At last we have made a start with this very necessary part of the school curriculum. The keenness shown throughout the

school is almost catching and we are wondering if this has been a subsidiary cause of the recent glut of broken arms in the IInd form when probably some of the more hesitant of our disciples have been practising back-flips and handsprings in the privacy of their own bedrooms. We are gradually collecting apparatus and now have some parallel bars and a vaulting but otherwise very stationary horse, not to mention several old mattresses. The latter, on which by the way many have unintentionally assumed the horizontal only to find them very much more comfortable than those usually supplied with bed and breakfast, have been invaluable to us with our tumbling, a pastime in which we have been indulging frequently of late. Great strides have been made over the horse, some of them proving almost fatal to the Instructor who is still not prepared to catch an outsized octopus welching with the subscriptions to the Oyster's Annual Outing. Work on the Parallel Bars amongst the Seniors progresses but some still find it easier to prove that the alternate angles are equal than to do a back scissors and are almost inclined to believe that parallel lines do in fact meet. Many have been called to the bars but few chosen. We hope to make a start with rope climbing before the end of the term but as far as we can see will have to employ sky-hooks or the Indian Rope Trick for fixing. But come and judge our progress for yourselves on April 7th when our tame Physical Training Instructor, his performing fleas, jumping jacks and the rest of his circus will be giving a twice nightly performance starting in the afternoon and finishing sometime before everyone's neck is broken save his own. We understand he has yet to produce a man on the flying trapeze and still has room for a few more clowns.

NOTE. The P. T. Instructor has asked us to clear up a certain amount of confusion which seems to exist. He likes to be called a Gymnast (i.e. an EXPERT in gymnastics) and not a gymnosophist which is one going about in scant clothing and given to mystic contemplation. ED.

The Garden Club.

By H. R.

The inconvenient vagaries of the recent weather and the increased number of compulsory activities have militated against intensive agriculture this term, and a number of plots do not look as well as they did a year ago. Next term should, however, see a considerable improvement. After all, gardening is a healthy, outdoor pursuit, a creative hobby, and in our particular

case if time were given up to it, the whole exterior aspect of the place would undergo a process of brightening up. It would not be a case of the whited sepulchre if the grounds were enlivened with orderly flower-beds, well-mown lawns, refreshing colours. Everyone in Bermuda should have some idea of laying out a garden in an island where flowers do so much to add to its attraction. Not only that, but the environment is bound to have some effect on a boy's attitude. Imagine the difference between walking to school through an avenue of roses and toiling painfully through a stony desert. Much has been done already. May still more yet be done! Let our gardens be worthy of the school!

The World To-Day Club.

By H. R.

We continue to meet—a select and faithful few—when the exigencies of more official activities permit. Some of our discussions have been interesting, informative, and keen to a degree which is not known in the more formal proceedings of the Debating Society. We mention the Debating Society because one of our best discussions followed a debate on the World State. Lines, championing the idea of the World State and Universal Peace, and Misick, equally insistent on Nationalism and the Inevitability of War were both extremely belligerent—verbally of course—and we were forced to the conclusion that if human nature changes it changes remarkably slowly. Then, in our latest discussion we were piloted by Lines, Misick, H. G. Wells, and Professor Einstein into the outermost limits of Space, the Fourth Dimension and the Future. Here we finally lost ourselves, and the only solid conclusion which we reached was that we should change the name of our club to one which would better include the extenuated scope of its discussions.

The Debating Society.

J. H. K.

The tide of oratory, and the enthusiasm which impels it, show no signs of abating. In fact the activities of the Society tend to become more universal: since the last notes were printed we have collaborated in debates with Whitney Institute and with the Bermuda High School; these inter-school debates have been very successful, and promise to become a regular feature of our programme.

Meetings have been held as follows:—

Nov. 28: Debate with Whitney Institute on the Motion, "That the establishment of the World State offers the only solution for International Problems."

Proposed by, F. G. Lines. *Opposed by*, J. Schorb (Whitney)
Third Speaker, R. C. Lowe, (Whitney). *Fourth Speaker*, T. M. Adams (Saltus).

There also spoke: I. R. Outerbridge, Mr. G. S. C. Tatem, E. L. Gibbons, Mr. G. J. Butland, Mr. J. H. Kerry.

The Motion was carried.

Jan. 10: Election of Officers for the Easter Term.

Jan. 16: Debate on the Motion, "That Speed is the Curse of Modern Times."

The Motion was defeated.

Feb. 6: Debate on the Motion, "That Money is a Curse rather than a Blessing."

The Motion was carried.

Feb. 28: Debate with the Bermuda High School on the Motion, "That Co-education means Better Education."

Proposed by, W. R. Kempe. *Opposed by*, Miss J. Motyer.

Third Speaker, Miss B. Biggs. *Fourth Speaker*, F. G. Lines.

There also spoke: T. M. Adams, Miss D. North, I. R. Outerbridge, Miss P. Evans, P. Smith, E. L. Gibbons, L. Vorley.

The Motion was carried.

Officers for the Easter Term, 1936.

PRESIDENT: Mr. J. H. Kerry.

SECRETARY: L. Vorley.

COMMITTEE: F. G. Lines, I. R. Outerbridge, E. L. Gibbons, D. Lindsay, L. Vorley (ex-officio).

Cult "A".

By G. S. C. T.

If interest, enthusiasm and support be any indication of merit in a thing, then we should unhesitatingly label Cult "A" a worthwhile venture and a huge success. Our judiciously spaced expeditions, at intervals of three weeks, were rare enough to escape the taint of vain repetition, and yet were not rendered to excess, lest surfeiting, the appetite should sicken, and so die. An attempt too was made to offer a well-regulated and balanced

diet, so that the meaty proteinaceous afternoons of Shakespeare would be supplemented by musical vitamins and the carbohydrates of the kinema.

Our first two meetings were held in conjunction with the Bermuda High School, the first as host at home, and the other as their guests, when we read *The Merchant of Venice*. The next two expeditions were more into the realm of technology than aesthetics, but the visits to the Bermuda Press and Telephone Company were extremely interesting and informative. It was an opportunity to see behind the scenes, and a surprise to many to realize what organization and technical equipment of a very complex nature are required to supply what so many of us take for granted, the telephone and the daily paper.

A visit to the Mechanics Hall, to see the pictures of the funeral of His Late Majesty, King George V, and an organ recital in Wesley Church were the other principal outings of the term. We were very grateful to Mr. Norman Parker for giving up an afternoon to play for us, and his comments on the composers and explanations of the well balanced programme added appreciably to our enjoyment.

Considerable talent along different lines has been unearthed by the meetings of the society, and the degree of interest shown by the members has justified the experiment. The society will probably hibernate during cricket, (we feel we should say 'aestivate' for the benefit of those philistines who suspect us of not knowing what we're doing, half the time) but if the enthusiasm shown is something more than a mere flash in the pan, we look forward to a second successful winter season, now that the experimental stage is successfully behind.

The Bermuda Blue Print Mystery.

By F. Lines.

The airport had been working for some months, when Herman K. Biggs, the manager, found reason to send his secretary for the plans of the new super-marine stratosphere plane.

A few minutes elapsed. The manager's fingers tapped nervously on the table in front of him. The door opened, and the secretary stood before him. He was clearly badly scared.

"They're gone!" he managed to blurt out.

"So are you!" replied the manager coolly. "What do you mean?"

"Sir—the plans—they've been stolen!"

"You — Phone the police detectives, army, navy! Do something! Don't get excited! Keep calm like me!"

The next day Herlock Sholmes was sitting in Biggs' office looking very grave. He had made a thorough examination of the safe which had been burgled, and announced that he had made one or two disclosures which the manager might like to hear.

"This case is very interesting", he began, "but it is also rather primitive. The criminal had a large knowledge of safes, for this safe was obviously opened by means of the combination. But for some reason he previously tried to open it by means of a blow-lamp, of the type which is used for manufacturing aeroplane machinery. He must have done this to lay a false trail."

There was a momentary silence. No noise could be heard except the intermittent drone of a powerful seaplane whose engine was being warmed up for a trial flight.

"There is another point", continued Sholmes, "and I feel the time has come for me to tell you all I know. I have ascertained that no light was seen by the night-watchman in the safe-room on the night of the theft. Even the ray of an electric torch would have been visible to him. That proves conclusively, in conjunction with the fact that the combination was used to open the safe, that the thief knew his way in the dark —"

"That is very interesting", said Biggs quietly. There was silence inside the room. Biggs pressed a bell-push on his desk. The drone of the aeroplane became louder.

"Very", replied Sholmes, "and your past is interesting too, my dear Biggs—"

With a quick movement Biggs levelled an automatic at the detective. He moved to the door, and Sholmes could hear his rapidly retreating footsteps. Strangely enough he did not move. Suddenly there came the roar of a seaplane taking off. Sholmes jumped to the window, and saw it circling overhead. He ran outside to where a group of amazed mechanics stood staring heavenward. He did not follow their gaze, but stood anxiously scanning the surface of the clear blue water. A slight smile flickered over his face. He had found what he wanted.

A trail of petrol on the surface of the water, gleaming with many colours, told him that his plan had worked. Simultaneously a fast plane rose into the air.

"Too bad!" said Sholmes. "The leak in his tank will give him just twenty minutes in the air!"

It was not till the next day that Bermuda learnt that Biggs had voluntarily surrendered the plans in return for being rescued from the wreck of his plane.

The Bermuda Blue Print Mystery.

By L. Vorley.

Grave-faced officials hurried to answer the urgent summons of their chief. As they assembled in the pebbled court-yard adjoining the office of the naval executive, they spoke in hushed tones.

"What do you make of it, Jenkins?" queried one of the group, fingering his tunic buttons as he spoke. "It must be mislaid, don't you think?"

"No, I don't", came the staccatto reply. "It's plain theft, that's what it is, and there's going to be the dickens of a row about it too."

Secret plans were the subject of this conversation. Blue-prints of aeroplanes containing ultra-modern devices of a confidential nature. No wonder the consternation when the news was whispered around that they were missing. It must be true too, for the "old man" had requested their immediate assembly.

The clock in the main tower ticked away many minutes before these self-same officials issued from the building. They came out in little groups talking in undertones.

"What a rage the "old man" was in", spoke one quietly. "I bet there'll be a shake-up after this. I wonder what he's got at the back of his head. Didn't say much, did he?" A grim smile flickered at these words.

In far-off Callao the British Consult sat fingering a cypher telegram. Alongside was its translation, and as he read it his lips tightened and his head slowly nodded. Stretching forth his hand, he rang the bell in deliberate fashion. His mind was made up and his plan of action must be swift.

"When does the 'Samana' arrive from Havana?" he questioned the official answering his call. He never wasted words, this protector of British interests in a foreign land.

"In two days time, Sir", replied the informative secretary.

Then followed the imparting of instructions setting into movement certain machinery of diplomacy, and presently the Consul placed aside the message with an air of satisfaction.

Several days passed and the S.S. 'Samana' arrived and sailed. Somewhere in the city, deep schemes were being pursued and the Consul, with an outward air of nonchalance, awaited a certain report with keen expectation.

It was borne to him by an insignificant-looking man, who was ushered in to his presence later in the week. He related in

quiet tones how he had followed the movements of certain disembarking passengers from the 'Samana' until he felt confident they had the stolen blue-prints. Then, with no little skill, he had gone to them in the guise of a private firm looking for orders, and gradually obtained their confidence sufficient for them to show him the actual stolen property. He made light of the threats which nearly led to violence, when he calmly told them he intended keeping the prints and return them to their rightful owners. "All in a days work", he casually remarked, as he pushed across the desk the bulky package.

"Plans recovered despatching first opportunity", read the laconic message to an anxious naval official in Bermuda.

"For services rendered £500" read the brief entry in the Consul's ledger on the self same day.

—o—

Just a Hunch.

By D. Nicholl.

"Brr-rr."

That was the boss's bell, thought young detective Bermain. He went in, and in a few minutes was put on the case of the robbery of Mr. and Mrs. Donabald.

He went over to their house, and questioned the servants. It all lead to nothing, everybody had a good alibi. He went home, and thought it over. He had brought with him a gun which had first awakened the Donabalds. It had been fired by the servant who slept on the first floor, when he had discovered the loss of two golden plates in a cupboard.

He inspected the gun, and had an idea. It was only a hunch, but he was sure it was a true one.

* * *

Early that night, a masked figure crept up the shadows near the Donabald's house. On hearing footsteps it crouched back in the shadows.

Down the street came a burly fellow, and as he passed the Donabald's house he glanced at it. For the first time the masked man, spied an individual leaning against the wall. This must have been a prearranged signal for the big man stopped and moved with the ugly individual over to one of the windows. Their purpose was plain. After taking the golden plates they were back for more.

Now they had broken the catch of the window and were crawling in. The black-masked man moved a little. Something

gleamed in his hand. A staccato of shots rang across the street. The ugly individual shouted a warning and dived back through the window, thinking as before the shots came from inside, but he did not think so when a shot grazed his arm.

He darted in again, but the house had been awakened by the shots, and the crooks were trapped. They fired blindly, and retreated, but wheeled in terror as another volley of shots came from the window, but not through the window, for just inside stood the masked man with two smoking guns in his hands.

The two fugitives dashed for the staircase and disappeared in the darkness above. The owner of the house rushed up to the masked man, who had whipped off his handkerchief, revealing himself as Tom Bermain.

"What—?" gasped Mr. Donabald.

"No time to explain now", said Tom, and rushed up in pursuit of the two crooks.

"There's no windows there", called up the owner after Tom, who had disappeared into the inky blackness above. He heard a movement by the staircase and sent a hail of bullets in the direction. A yell told him that a bullet had got someone, and he grinned mirthlessly as a lanky figure hurtled down the stairs.

But he had given himself away, for the next moment there was a crack, and a bullet whistled past his ear. He shot in that direction, but silence told him he had missed.

He edged up, and suddenly his hands were twisted, and he dropped the guns. They swayed to and fro, but with a sizzling right he sent the crook in the wake of his partner.

* * *

Later in the boss's office, detective Bermain was asked why he wore the mask, he said:

"I figured that if they thought that it wasn't a 'tec they would get more flustered."

"What made you think they would go for more gold?" asked the boss.

"Well", said Bermain, "I thought that as Mr. Donabald was exceptionally rich, they'd have another go. In other words, it was just a hunch."

—o—

The Poet's Corner.

MY CALVARY.

By C. King.

Write a poem? Woe is me!
I'm in an awful dither!
The order came just like a bolt,

My wits fly hither, thither.
The Editor is a kindly man,
With tolerance impeccable,
But will he spare my tortured soul
When he reads these lines detestable?
That line's faulty, this line's poor!
My spirit writhes, my heart is sore!

I'd like to hide far, far away,
'Mong heather on an English moor.
I'd like to lie on an African veldt,
Lie couchant in the Pampas grass,
I'd like to hide far far away
Less like a poet than an ass.
Should I sing of birds and bees?
Should I sing of beauteous things?
Or should I just endure my woe,
And hope after Calvary for wings?

SPRING ONCE MORE!

Oh Spring is here again
With all its wondrous gifts;
No more we see the rain—
The murky blanket lifts.
The sun shines brightly overhead
In the clear and azure sky,
The gloomy clouds are fled
And we know that Spring is nigh.
All around the birds are singing,
Warmth and joy are everywhere,
In your ears some sweet tune ringing
Drives away all thoughts of care.
Gloom and sadness disappear
That was here a month before.
No-one worries any more
Now that joyous Spring is here,
Now exam results are o'er
And we know we're fairly clear.

THE STRANGER.

By D. Nicholl.

Once an old man was wandering
On the hills and by the trees,
"Where's Sir Molan's manor please?
For twenty years ago

He cheated me of my money,
And now I'm a tramp on the roads
While he's living on milk and honey."

The person felt sorry for this strange man,
Who really should be a rich one.
"Sir Molan is dead", said he to him,
"Instead there lives his son."
"I would break his neck were he alive",
Said the old man with some vim,
"But his son did not have a hand in it,
"So I'll not touch a hair of him."

But while he was thus talking,
Up hustled two men from the "Home",
And said "Hi! What are you doing here?
You're not allowed to roam!"
And they took him back to his padded cell,
Where all is well that endeth well.

BERMUDA ISLES.

By G. Stephens.

Bermuda Isles where the cedars grow,
Here we have neither ice nor snow,
But wonderful sunshine all day long—
This is the climate to make one strong!

Bermuda waters are not very cold,
And may be enjoyed by young and old,
The bathers lie on the snow-white sand,
To get thoroughly warm and thoroughly tanned.

Bermuda! When the spring is come,
It is then that bees begin to hum,
Gathering pollen from various flowers,
Enjoying themselves for many hours.

Bermuda is in a tropical zone,
Out in Atlantic all alone,
Guarded by her coral reef,
Where enemies may not disturb her peace.

A SCHOOL BOY'S LAMENT.

By G. Burland.

I go to Saltus Grammar School,
Where we must follow every rool,
The masters there are very crool

At Saltus Grammar School!
It's "don't do this", and "do do that",
And if I'm late or answer back,
I'll feel the cane's almighty whack
At Saltus Grammar School!
Yet when I'm old and far away,
I'll think on many a bygone day,
And wish that then I still could say
I go to Saltus School!

A MUDDY GAME.

By E. L. Gibbons.

Alas! it was a dreary day
When out we sallied for to play
The Dockyard Prentices from o'er the Bay.

The sun ne'er shone from dawn till set,
It was a certain odds on bet
That we would all get perishingly wet.

But soon it looked a little clear,
We hoped the sun would soon appear,
It didn't—and, by heaven, did we swear?

And then it simply poured with rain,
And I got water on the brain,
That's why I write this poetry insane!

"Old Paddles."

By C. King.

The circus bands were blaring loudly as the parade moved through the streets that morning. One band in uniforms gaudy with gold braid rode at the head of the procession in a huge red gilded wagon. Rough-riders, elephants, cow-girls, cages of lions followed. Then came a band of women, marching in short tight pants and tight red coats, their faces painted brazenly under their cockaded hats. "Old Paddles" came directly after them.

"Old Paddles" was a dromedary with absolutely no claim to beauty. Large tufts of mangy hair dangled from his large, leathery flanks. His soft feet padded evenly along the street. His head was carried in such a way as to give him an air of complete boredom. His large, flaccid lips seemed to hang a little uneasily. On his back rode a clown dressed as Mae West,

padded to imitate her plump form, with glass diamonds on neck and arms and a Naughty Ninety hat. This clown leered at all the men and whispered through motionless lips "Come up and see me some time!"

"Old Paddles" went along just as if he were a real ship of the desert, as if he were carrying some Arab across the sandy waves of the Sahara, and as though there were no sordid, gaudy figures anywhere near him.

Later that night, when the big tents were down, and the animals were being loaded into the train cars, a keeper called to the vet. to come over and have a squint at Old Paddles. "The old boy is dying", said the vet. "Too bad."

"What of?" barked the keeper.

"Probably of old age", replied the vet.

A crowd of circus performers paused on their way; to ask what was the matter.

"What did he say he was dying of?" shrilled a girl trapeze artist.

"Chagrin, probably", said a clown. He stood there, a very sorry-looking figure without his chalk and paint and costume.

"For Pete's sake!" shrieked the girl, "What new disease is that?"

The crowd passed on, leaving the clown standing there.





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